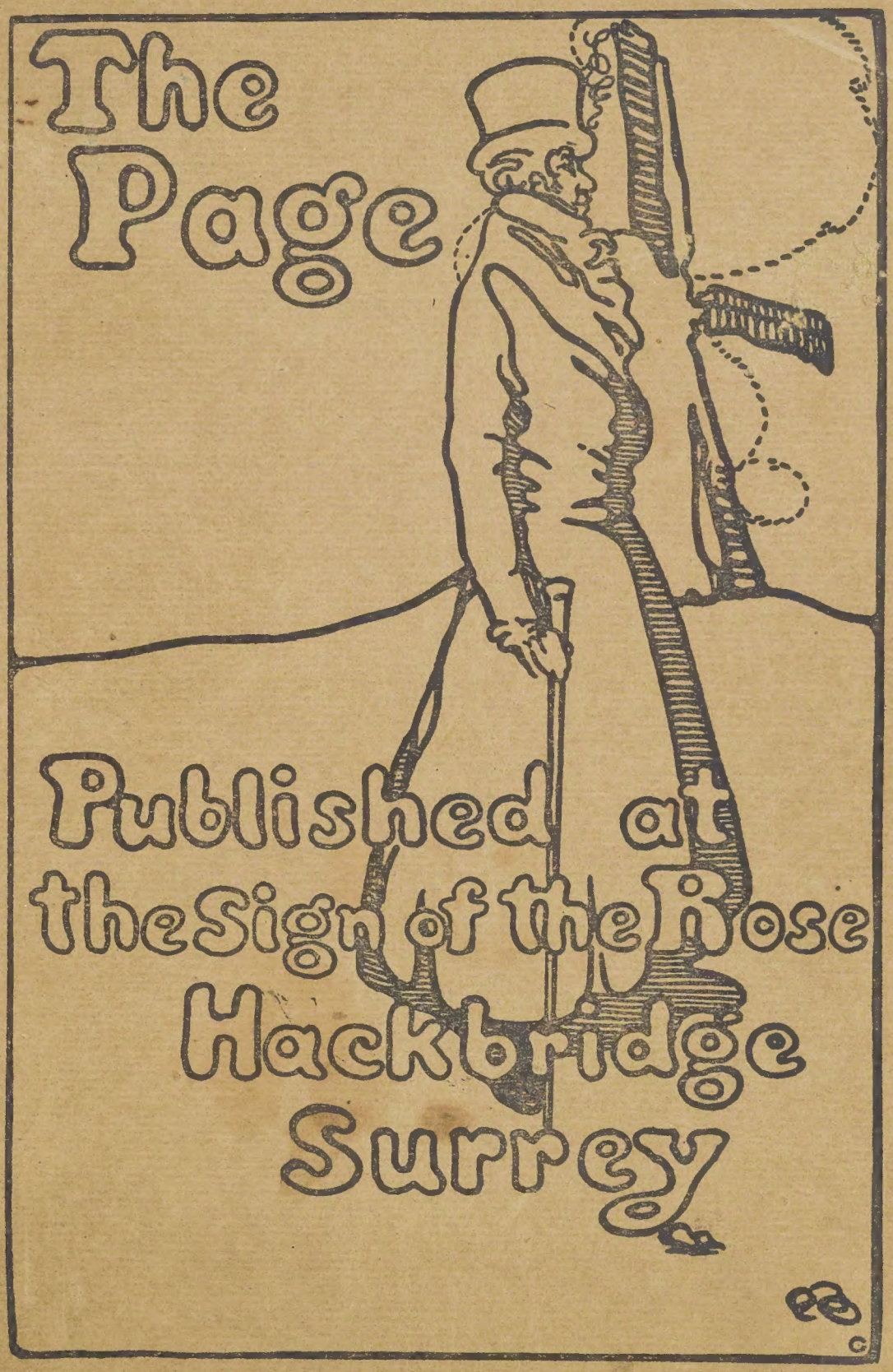
The Page



Published at
the Sign of the Rose
Hackbridge
Surrey

THE PAGE

Published & Edited by Edward Gordon Craig, at the Sign of The Rose, Hackbridge, Carshalton, Surrey, England.

A SPECIMEN COPY

THE PAGE.

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG, AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE, CARSHALTON, SURREY, ENGLAND, 1899.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CONCERNING HAMLET.

Extract from a letter written by a gentlewoman at the court of Elsinor to a friend in England. The letter is dated January, 1012.

" . . . . All this had made me very miserable, and I was roaming through the palace to-day when I came across the Prince. He was lying low down in a large chair filled with red cushions: his back was towards me, but I saw he was biting the nails from one hand whilst with the other he drew caricatures of his uncle on a copy of a play which is to be performed here to-night. This amused him for some time, for he talked rapidly as he drew and seemed mightily pleased with himself. All at once he brushed the book from his knees, took in his breath through his teeth, rose, flung out his arms and burst into tears. As he stood there he seemed like one crucified: and so heartrending was his cry that I forgot all my own trouble at once and could have run to minister to him. I was near doing so when I saw him lean towards a mirror and gaze with eagerness at the reflection of his own grief, holding the expression for quite a long while as if studying it.

Then he laughed, and then I came away.

But for all this *I* would not have called him mad as they do here.

G.C.

OPHELIA. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY THE EDITOR

COQ CYRANO. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

Gordon Craig

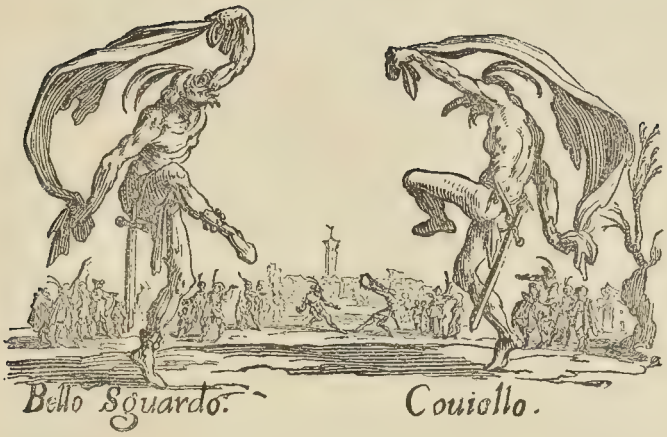
ME. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY MYSELF

Does other such - [illegible]
make an
electro of it

THE GENTLEWOMAN. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

ILLUSTRATING A ROMANCE. DESIGNED AND CUT BY GORDON CRAIG

THE VAGABONDS. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG



EVIDENTLY DANCERS. JACQUES CALLOT

CONCERNING PERFUMERY.

Ladies! If you would remain as beautiful as ever for ever, you must suffer some few minutes of pity, forty days of wonder, one moment of horror, and a life of remorse, for this is what you must do. I have it on the word of Maistre Alexys le Piedmontois of Paris that it has never been known to fail. Take a young raven* from the nest, feed it on hard eggs for forty days, kill it, and distil it with myrtle leaves, talc, and almond oil. You will then have a marvellous water which you must apply to the face. This done, run to your mirror, and wait.

QUEEN ELIZABETH DID LOVE POMANDERS. Your only way to make a good Pomander is this:—Take an ounce of the finest garden mould, cleaned, and steeped seven days in change of rose-water; then take the best labdanum, benzoin, botta storaxes, ambergis, civet, and musk; incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as any lady's dog (16—).

* If Ravens are not plentiful a little Dove will do.

metal Blocks of this sent

A Poster.

Gordon Craig

CONCERNING CONFECTIONERY.

BY GUGLIELMO JARRIN, ORNAMENTAL CONFECTIONER AT MESSRS. GUNTERS, IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE FOURTH.

A NOSEGAY IN CANDY.

Take young melons, about the size of an orange, cut them in slices, about a quarter of an inch thick, and peel them, taking care that the slices be round; avoid the inside, and make a complete circle. Put them into cold water, blanch them like other fruit, and put them again into cold water; when blanched take out, and when dried, put them into a pan, and pour over them a sufficient quantity of clarified sugar to cover them. Your syrup must be light and lukewarm; put in a few cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon; and, if you please a little vinegar, as the melon is extremely insipid. Drain them for five days, and put your syrup daily to boil, and skim it; the sixth day boil your syrup to a blow; put in your slices by sliding them in, let them boil over, take your pan from the fire, and with a fork put them in order on your gratings, taking care to turn them when the surface is dry. Candy them as follows: (they should be as transparent as apple jelly;) take your candy moulds, prepared and filled with syrup as for the meteors, and the same degree of boiling; place your slices of melon side by side, and let them touch each other; get some liqueur drops of different colours, forming roses and other flowers (you must even use the pencil), small bits of sugar, grains of gum paste, pistachios shred, small threads of angelica, of cinnamon, and vanilla, extremely fine; all these small articles must form

little nosegays by placing them in the centres of each circle of melon on the prepared syrup. You may have small knots of ribbon (made in a mould, engraved on wood), to form the nosegay, and tie it; thus prepared, put them into the stove, and finish like other candies: you will have the prettiest candy possible.

OF GRASS, AND SMALL TREES, OR BUSHES.

There are different means of imitating trees and bushes; a sprig of thyme must be the body of the tree, to which must be fixed leaves of pistachios, or coloured almonds, cut to the size you want them, or leaves of gum paste made in a wooden mould; others with almond paste forced through a sieve, but the prettiest are those of candy, coloured green. For these last prepare some handsome twigs of thyme, take a candy box, five or six inches deep, according to the size of your trees; tie strings of pack thread across it, to which you suspend your twigs, taking care they do not touch each other. Boil to the blow (*see No. 7, "PAGE" for August, 1898*) sufficient syrup to fill the mould to the trunk of the tree; place it in the stove for six or eight hours; strain off the syrup as for candies, and you will have some pretty little trees. If you put them in candy a second time, they will come out ornamented with crystals extremely pleasing to the eye.

ON MODELLING FLOWERS IN FINE GUM PASTE

Divide your paste into the principal colours, as white, red, blue, and yellow; and with these colours make the compounds green, violet, dark and pale orange, employing the colour nearest to

that of the flower you intend to represent. For example, to model a rose, you must have the calyx of the flower engraved in wood, and push it with paste coloured green; the heart you must model in yellow paste, fix it by a wire to the calyx, and with a little saffron, cut fine and moistened with gum arabic, imitate the seeds. Roll out your red paste very thin, and with a tin cutter cut out the leaves; take them singly, and with a modelling tool roll them in your hand as thin as nature; then take up the leaves, and fix them one by one round the heart. When you have fixed a sufficient qauntity of leaves, push the calyx in the mould, and finish the whole so as to imitate nature in the best possible manner. (Child's play!)

MARMALADE TEA.

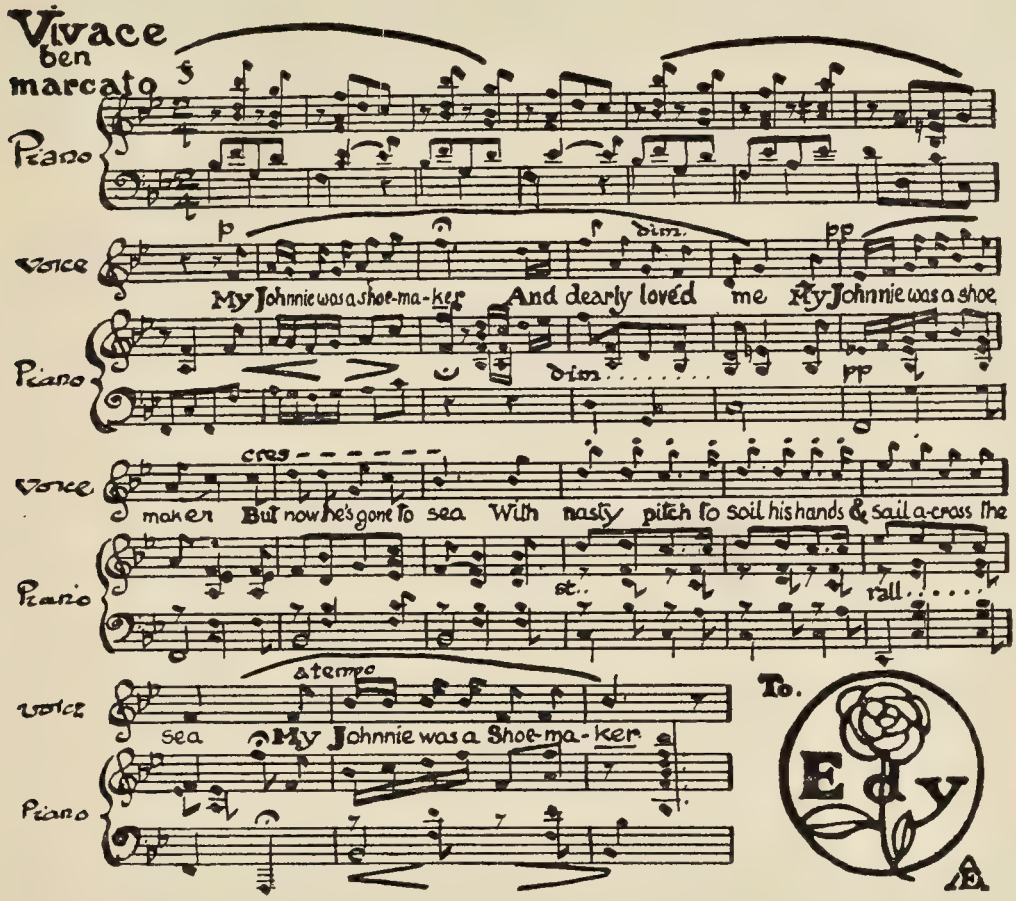
"I have just received by a piece of String, a Pot of Marmalade Tea and a Book."—Les Deux Captives.

Gather Scarlet Strawberries with their Stalks on a dry Day before they are too Ripe, and lay them separately on a dry Dish; beat and sift over them twice their weight of double-refined Sugar beaten small; cover close; let them stand in a kettle of boiling Water till soft and the Syrup is out of them. Strain them through a Muslin Rag in a Tossing-pan, boil, skim and, when cold, put in the whole Strawberries, and set them over the Fire till milk warm; then take them off and let them stand till cold. Take your Oranges without freckles, carve the outside of them according to your fancy; make a Hole at the Stalk end, scoop out the Pulp, and tie them separately in Muslin. Tie seven bunches of Currants together to a Stick, lay them on a Sieve, have your Pan on the Fire with Syrup in it, boil it twenty Minutes on a brisk fire. Put Strawberries, Oranges, and Currants in Bunches into the Syrup for three minutes, then strain syrup. What remains, place in a porcelain Teapot, pour in gently boiling Water and infuse for two minutes.

ITA!

My Johnnie was a Shoemaker:

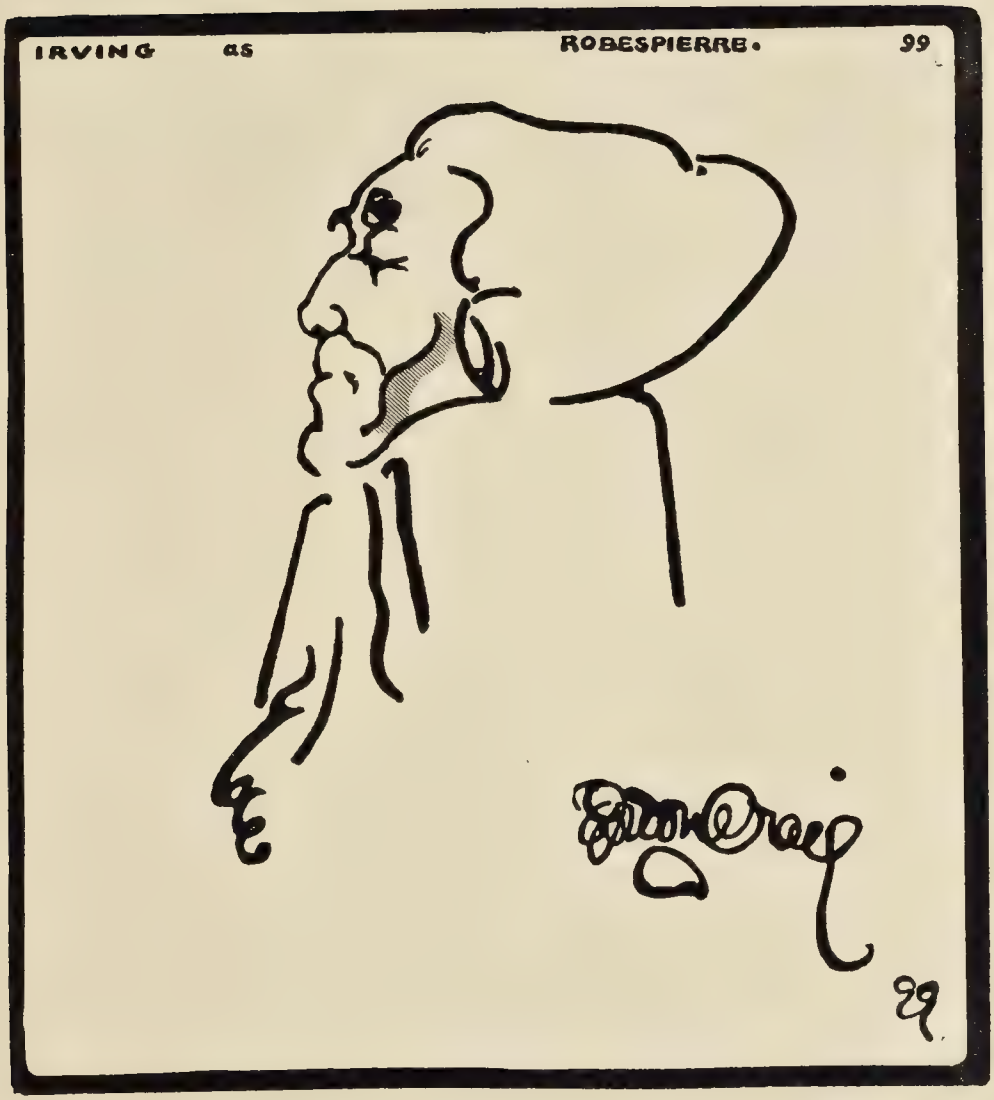
Old Words. New Music by Edward Arden.



His jacket was of deep sky blue,
And curly was his hair;
His jacket was of deep sky blue—
It was, I do declare.
To reef the topsail now he's gone,
And sail across the sea.
My Johnnie was a shoe—ma—ker....

And he will be a captain bye and bye,
With a brave and gallant crew;
And he will be a captain bye and bye,
With a sword and spy-glass too.
And when he is a captain bold,
He'll come and marry me.
O, my Johnnie was a shoe—ma—ker....

GORENFLOT. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG


IRVING AS ROBESPIERRE. 99
99

ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR, BY SAINTE BEUVE. *Done into English by J.E.*

THERE are names which live, and we speak of them as of something present; Heloise, La Valliere, we all know them, but are ready to hear of them again. We always wish, we always hope to learn more. Splendour, romance, a life of sacrifice, of emotion, of tenderness, a touching misfortune; this is what clings to these poetic figures, and once transmitted and consecrated keeps them in the imagination of the ages for ever young.

And it is partly so with Adrienne Le Couvreur. She was the first actress in France who was honoured alike upon the stage and by society. She was loved by the most brilliant warrior of her time, she inspired the greatest poet of that day with his most touching elegy. She was one of those who living had charm, and, what is given to very few, that nameless charm survives, we feel it still.

Adrienne was born about 1690 at Fimes, between Soissons and Reims. Her father, a hat-maker by trade, brought his family to Paris in 1702, and lived in the faubourg Saint-Germain, not far from the *Comedie*. This neighbourhood offered to the child a chance to strengthen a passion for the theatre which was born with her.

She first appeared in Paris during the spring of 1717 as *Monime* and as *Electre*, and from the start she showed herself an accomplished actress. It was openly said that she began where the great players left off. In an art which leaves so few traces it is difficult to do more than report the testimony of contemporaries; here the praises

are unanimous, all go the same way. ❦ "To her the glory," says *Le Mercure* (March, 1730), "of having introduced the simple, noble, natural speech, and of having banished the song." She sought for more exactness and truth in costume. She, for example, was the first to wear court dresses when playing queens and princesses. On taking the queen's dress she took also the tone, that is, she spoke naturally, without affectation, without feeling obliged, as did the others, to make up, by a show of solemnity, for what had till then lacked in costume. ❦ "It was like seeing a princess playing comedy for her pleasure." ❦ But her own domain, her incomparable glory, was the pathetic. She had the art of imbuing herself with great passions to the right degree to express them and to make them felt in all their force. Her voice instilled itself with justness, with fineness; she sustained even the feeble lines, and gave all their value to the greatest. ❦ ❦ ❦ ❦ Her tones were few, but she gave them with infinite variety, joined with inflections, outbursts, and something, I know not what, so expressive in her look, and in all her person, that it left nothing to be wished for. ❦ Never had anyone known so well the art of playing silent scenes, the art of listening, yet acting with all her power and expression while another talked. It does not appear that away from the stage her beauty was unusual or very striking, but it was complete, harmonious, and natural. ❦ *Le Mercure* shows her "perfectly well made, with her medium height, a carriage noble and assured, her head and shoulders well placed, eyes full of fire, a beautiful mouth, a sweet graciousness in her air and

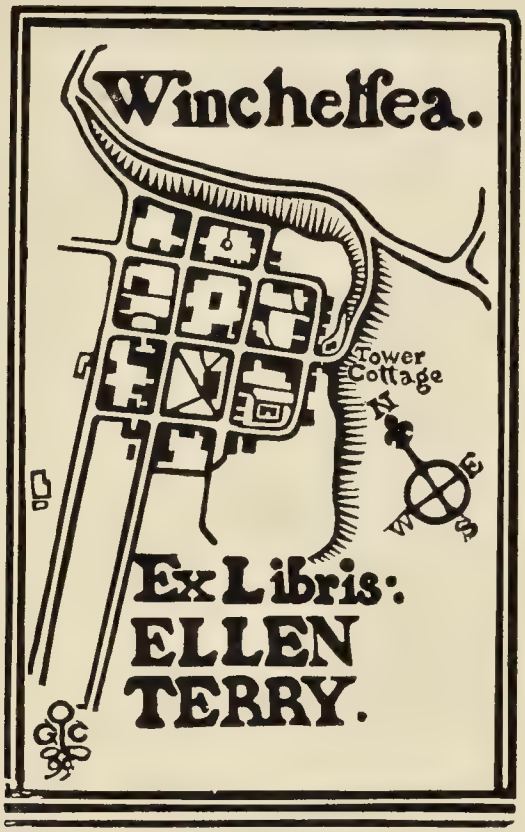
manner . . . with features well marked for expressing sorrow, joy, tenderness, terror, and pity." A great soul, much tenderness, a constant study, a passionate love for her art, all helped to make her that ideal of a tragedian which until then had never been so far realised. She began without other model than her taste, and she created. Loved passionately by the young d'Argental, she did everything to cure him—with nothing of that manner which serves but to excite and inflame what one pretends to fight against, her way was clear, loyal, without reserves, the "way of an honest man." She writes to him, "After all, you wish to be written to in spite of all sorts of reasons. Can it be that, with so much cleverness, you are so little master of yourself? What can you gain from it, but the pleasure of subjecting me to most vexatious worries, to say nothing worse? Pitying you so much, I am ashamed to quarrel with you, but you force me to it. Be, I pray you, more reasonable, and tell him you send to torment me, that I must breathe a little. For four days he has hardly left me time. When chance may bring us together, I can show you plainly enough the trouble you cause me, and you will admit that you are wrong. Poor child, you make me very sad. Goodbye." Having learned that the mother of d'Argental, Madame de Ferriol, thought of sending away her son, even of banishing him to Saint-Domingo, fearing lest he should think of marriage, Mademoiselle Le Couvreur did not hesitate to reassure her, going to meet Madame de Ferriol, but her reception giving her little encouragement to speak, she wrote to her a letter noble in tone, admirable in sentiment, and like a woman who would reconcile

every natural duty with the conventions of society. In writing this letter, inspired by her heart, she does not suspect the lofty moral stand she takes, and it is high indeed, most of all when one considers to whom it was addressed—to a woman of whom it is enough to say that she was a worthy sister of Madame de Tencin.

"Paris, 23rd March, 1721. Madame, I cannot learn without distress of your anxiety, and the plans which that anxiety causes you to make. I might say besides that it gives me equal sorrow to know that you blame my conduct, but I write not so much to justify that, as to protest, for the future, in what concerns you, it shall be as you prescribe. I asked permission to see you on Tuesday that I might speak to you in confidence, and ask for your commands, but your reception destroyed my zeal, and I found myself with nothing left but timidity and sadness. But you ought to know my true feelings, and if I may say more, if you would not lose your son you must deign to listen to my very humble remonstrance. I never saw in all my life so respectful a child, nor so honest a man—if he were not yours you would admire him. Again, madame, vouchsafe to join with me in trying to overcome this weakness which vexes you so much, and in which I have no share—say what you will. Show him neither scorn nor bitterness. I would take upon myself all his hate, in spite of my tender friendship and esteem, rather than expose him to the smallest temptation to be lacking towards you. You are too much interested in his recovery not to work for it with care, but too much also to succeed alone, and above all in fighting his feelings with

authority, or by painting me in colors too unkind, even were they true. For this love must indeed be unusual since it has endured for so long, with no hope, in the midst of mortifications, in spite of the journeys you have forced him to make, and eight months in Paris without seeing me, at least at my home, and without knowing if I would ever in my life receive him. I had thought him cured, and it was that which led me to see him when I was lately ill. It is easy to believe that intercourse with him would please me infinitely, were it not for this unhappy passion, which astonishes as much as it flatters me, but of which I will not take advantage ❦ You fear that seeing me he may forget his duty, and you carry this fear so far as to take violent measures against him. Truly, madame, it is not right that he should be unhappy in so many ways; add nothing to my injustice, rather try to make up for it, let all his resentment fall on me, but let your kindness comfort him. ❦ I will write to him what you please; if it is your wish I will never see him again, I will even go away if you think it best, but do not threaten to send him to the end of the world, he can be useful to his country, he will be the delight of his friends, he will be your glory—your gratification, you have only to guide his talents, let his virtues go their own way. Forget for the time that you are his mother, if that relation is contrary to the kindness that, on my knees, I beg of you for him. Finally, madame, you shall see me withdraw from the world, or else return his love, rather than suffer that in future he should be tormented by me and for me." ❦ Monsieur d'Argental knew nothing of this letter at

the time it was written. It was not until sixty years after, when he was more than eighty years old, that one day, among some of his mother's old papers, it came to light; he read it, and only then knew all the heart of the friend he had lost. ❦ Mademoiselle Le Couvreur was not only a person of talent, she was distinguished by intelligence, by heart, by the most serious qualities. Placed as she was she had need of them to extricate herself from the low condition, socially, which the comedian still occupied at the beginning of the eighteenth century. ❦ Mademoiselle Le Couvreur was the first, not to protest, but (what was worth more) to work softly a revolution by the charm of her influence. ❦



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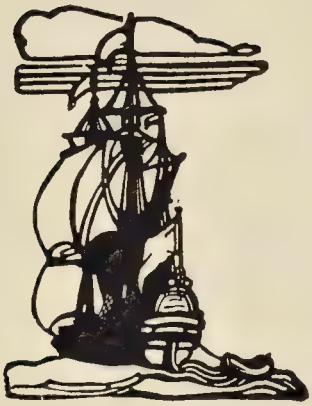
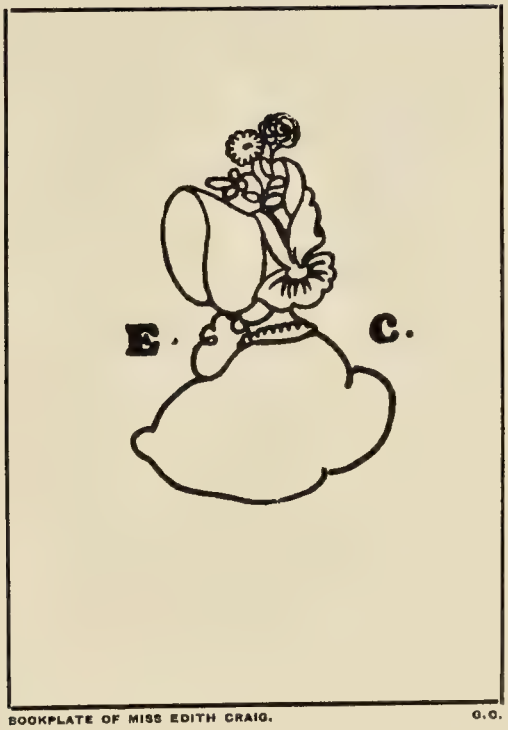


BOOKPLATES, THE PROPERTY OF
JAMES PRYDE AND OLIVER BATH.



BOOKPLATE OF MISS EDITH CRAIG. G.C.

STARGAZING. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

A POSTER. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

TWO TO ONE ON THE LITTLE 'UN DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

D'ARTAGNAN'S MAN. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

Gordon Craig.

You may put it in the Mss

THE HOUSE. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

Gordon Craig.

Ex Mr. Altri.

GORDON CRAIG'S BOOK OF PENNY TOYS.

PUBLISHED AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE, HACKBRIDGE, CARSHALTON, SURREY, ENGLAND

THE Book consists of 20 original Drawings of 20 Penny Wooden Toys and 20 Tailpieces (mostly woodcuts), and 20 Verses. No inferior metal toys are introduced. Metal toys are warranted to injure children and break more easily than those made of wood or paper. Besides all this, the wooden toys are far more interesting, have more expression, and are of a beautiful colour. Perfect things in their way—humorous, delightful, and the older they are (the earlier made) the better the make. For instance, the "Monkey up a Stick," good as he is, is but a descendant from the "Admiral up a Stick," or one can call him "Nelson attempting to mount his Column in Trafalgar Square." A long name, but to the point. This toy I take to have been originally made in about 1799, but age, honour, and beauty are of little account in the shop of the toy-seller. When I bought my Admiral, I asked for his name, and was told they called him "White Monkey"—that never could have been the name in 1799—was it perhaps "Lord Nelson"? Another fine toy is what I know as "The Oilcake Crusher"—a toy of red, black, and white wood. A little man, with hat on head, turns a handle (when you turn another handle) and makes several heavy, organ-pipe like beams rise and fall. The fall crushes the cake—or rather, that is their

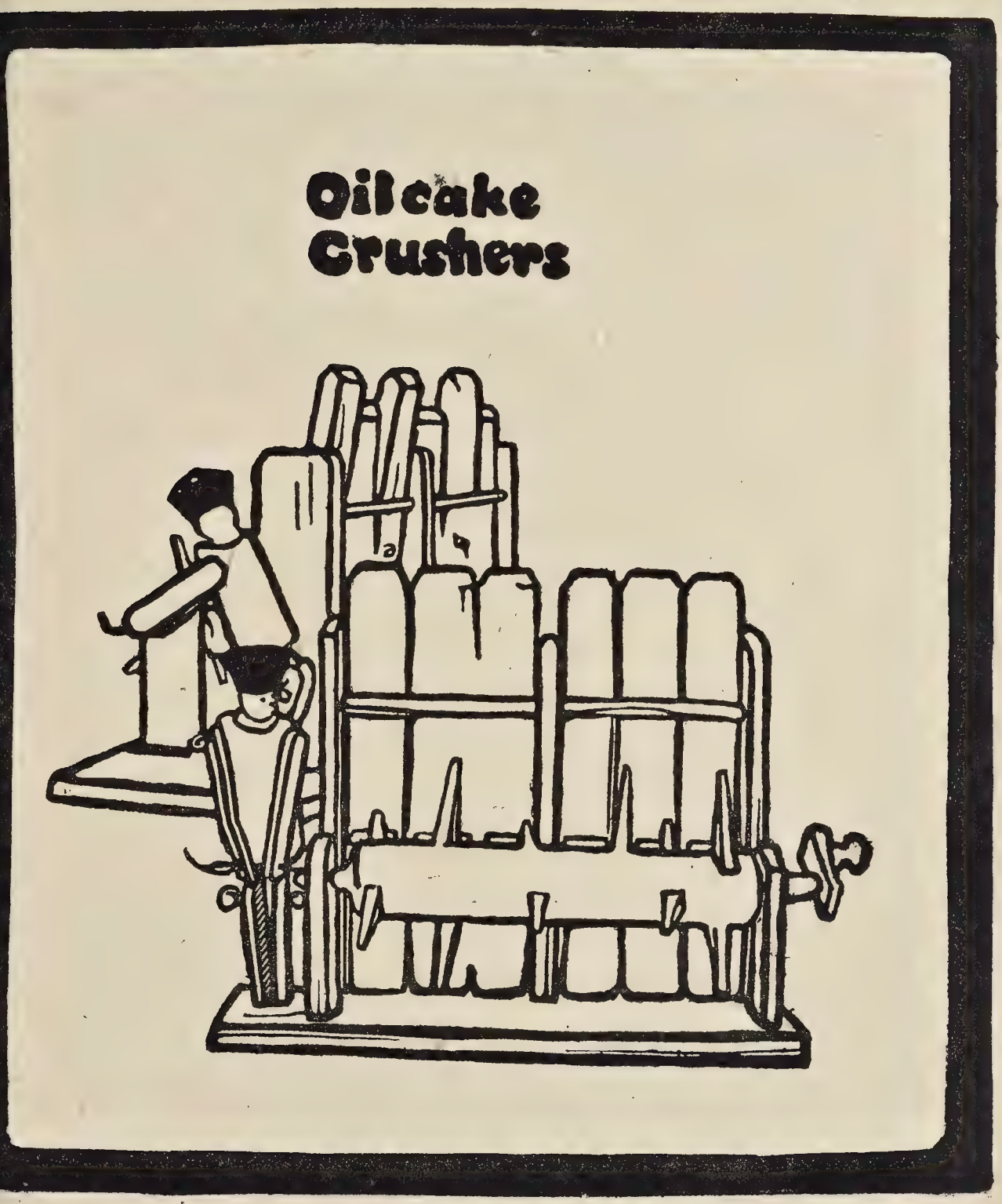
intention. It took a great artist to dream this toy, and a great craftsman to make it. It is as intricate in plot as are the stories by Dumas (Papa). Then there are the expressionistic toys, the noisy toys, and so on. Each one as clever as it can stick. The four roundabout horses must be difficult to make. They are certainly difficult to beat. I call them "The Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan." Are they not "One for all, all for one"—one penny? With but the tiniest space between the horses, and fixed on a flat circular piece of wood, above them a triumphal arch, they revolve, chasing each other round a pole, never satisfied, for ever moving as one man to the sound of Moorish music, which rises from beneath their feet. In all these toys, search how you may, you'll find no suspicion of anything that is fearful. The little Duck seems to have no care for the approaching Spring, and the Cock will not cry at the sight of the sun. The Dog, all patience, refuses to beg, and the tail of the Peacock is carefully clipped lest it trail in the dust. In fact, in every way the penny wooden toy is as superior to a sixpenny metal one, as the Wooden War ship "Victory" is to H.M.S. "Horrible"—Ironclad. In an old cupboard, behind the little panes of glass, they look far more beautiful than most china, and a mass of them make a blaze of colour not to be beaten. It is difficult to get an "Oilcake Crusher" or an "Admiral" now-a-days. I believe these might be labelled "out of print." The games to be played with them are without an end. Five shillings will buy 60 toys at least. Sixty toys flashing brilliantly on a white cloth after tea,

with a couple of excitable children opposite you, and you taste the dearest joy of life. You have material enough there to invent tale upon tale. If you want to witness wars or masques, exciting chases and adventures, call for the favourite doll in the house and let him or her buy a ticket and sail to the place where the fiercest lions and the gentlest birds (the one as big as the other) are browsing on the tablecloth. "The Arabian Nights," "The House that Jack built," "The Creation," "The Flood," all these plays and mysteries can be performed by the actors in "The Penny Toy Company. But the babies will invent the best plays; all you have to do is to catch on at their ideas and illustrate them.

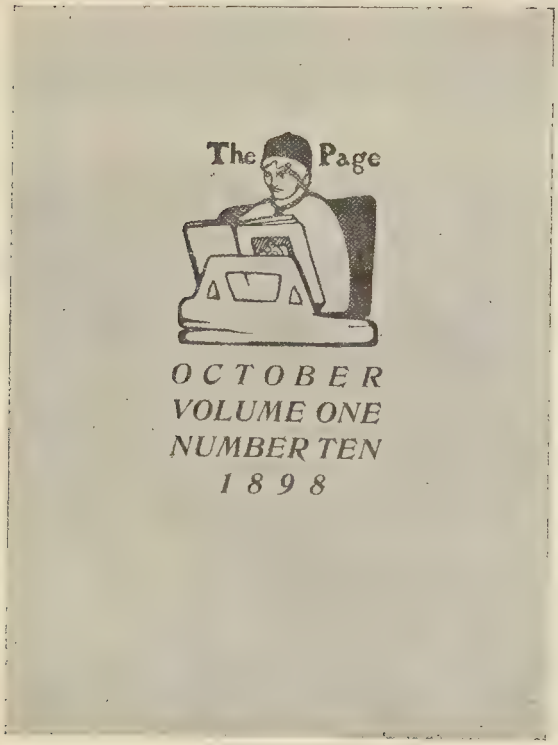
AND YOU THERE—YOU RASCALS OF CHILDREN—WHEN YOU GET THE TOYS YOU WON'T WANT THIS BOOK OF THEIR PORTRAITS—YOU'LL USE THE BLANK PAGES TO DRAW YOUR OWN IDEAS. AND THAT'S ALL THE THANKS I SHALL GET FOR MAKING YOU THE BOOK. ANYHOW, HERE'S MY VERY BEST LOVE TO YOU.

THE OILCAKE CRUSHER.

The little man beside it stands,
And works the handle with his hands.
The Oilcake, all in huge great lumps,
Is broken up by heavy thumps.
It's not for boys and girls to eat,
But animals think it a treat.
The spiky roller high will haul
Those teethlike things, then let them fall.
And thus the cake by heavy bumps
Is broken up in little lumps.



From "GORDON CRAIG'S BOOK OF PENNY TOYS."



A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF ONE OF THE COVERS OF THE PAGE 1898.

GILT GINGERBREAD
FROM THE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

The most perfect stuff imaginable. Mr. Andrew Tuer in his wonderful book, "The History of the Horn Book," 1897, Leadenhall Press, London, devotes an entire chapter to the gingerbread Horn Books. As far back as the 14th century gingerbread was made stamped with various devices, and sold at the fairs. Later on the device took the form of an A B C for children—a sly dodge of the educationalist. Mr. Tuer quotes Matthew Prior—and I quote Mr. Tuer:

"I mentioned different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To Master John the English maid
A Horn-book gives of gingerbread:
(Matthew, you rhyme no better than a "Page" poet!)
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter:
Proceeding thus with vast delight
He spells, and gnaws from left to right"—and so on.

Our gingerbread will be sold at 1/3 a piece, each piece having a fine capital A B C D etc. on it, and numbers 1 to 9 and an o thrown in (this for the governess to eat), and other ornaments tastefully embellished with a dab of gilt in several places. The mould for this purpose has been specially designed and cut on wood by Gordon Craig. The size of each cake will be eight inches by seven, and about an inch thick. In applying the gold foil to the cakes, no lick of any tongue will be allowed—so the cakes will be nice. From Mr. Tuer's book I cull the following information:—"The old

saying, 'Taking the gilt off the gingerbread,' arose from the custom of selling damaged or broken bits at half the ordinary prices, an explanation which goes a stage further than that generally accepted." There will be a very limited first edition, and application for a copy should be made at once direct to Edward Gordon Craig, Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey. Price 1/3 a cake, post free.

BOOKPLATES

designed and engraved by Edward Gordon Craig. A complete set, coloured and uncoloured copies, in all 45 impressions, price £1 . 1s. The set includes the Ex Libris labels of Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Cissy Loftus, James Pryde, and Oliver Bath.

EDITION DE LUXE

There is an Edition de Luxe of The Page—12 copies printed. Seven copies are still for sale. Price £10 . 10s. In this edition the engravings will be printed from the original wood blocks, mounted on cardboard, coloured by hand, and bound in a specially designed cover by Oliver Bath. A feature in this edition will be the Bookmarker. This will consist of a ribbon, on the end of which will be attached one of the original wood blocks from which the following Ex Libris labels have been printed, and which have appeared at some time in The Page:—Ellen Terry (small label as below), James Pryde, J. D. (small label), Miss Lane, G. C. (large label). To the remaining seven are attached the following blocks:—Miss Ellen Terry (E. T. and wreath), Miss Cissy Loftus, Martin Shaw, Miss Audrey Campbell, Gordon Craig (small label), Miss Norman, Robin Craig. In ordering, please state which Book-plate Marker you desire.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE PAGE is a publication in which one finds original Poems, Prose, Music, Woodcuts, Posters, Portraits, Bookplates, and other curious things.

1898. Only 140 Copies printed, 120 being for sale. Volume ONE, consisting of twelve Parts, contains in all 77 original Woodcuts by Gordon Craig; 22 of these are coloured by hand. This includes Portraits of Miss Ellen Terry, Walt Whitman, and others; 20 original Bookplates; designs for Posters; illustrations to Alexandre Dumas' Novels, etc. Only nine complete sets remain. The price of a set, bound in a specially designed cover by Oliver Bath, is at present three guineas.

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CONCERNING THE PAGE AND ITS STAFF OF ONE. *Press Notices — London, Paris, Boston, Antwerp, San Francisco.*

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THE STUDIO.—A Magazine edited, and with the illustrations designed, engraved, and published by one person, should be a novelty worthy the attention of collectors, even were it far less intrinsically interesting than is The Page. . . . This dainty small quarto in its brown-paper wrapper. . .
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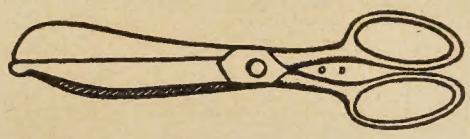
The late Mr. GLEESON WHITE writes of The Page as:—"The prettiest and most delightful publication in a day of good things."
LORD BYRON writes: "History, with all her volumes vast, hath but one Page." . 1899

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MISS EDITH CRAIG has the pleasure to announce that she has made arrangements for undertaking the designing and execution of *Theatrical Costumes.* The making of each particular Dress will be personally superintended by *Miss Craig*, and no detail, however trifling, will be overlooked. *Miss Craig* believes that it is only in this way that an entirely correct and perfect result can be obtained. This has been practically demonstrated in the recent production of *Robespierre* at the *Lyceum Theatre*, nearly all the Costumes having been designed by *Miss Craig* and carried out by her special staff of skilled work-women. Correct designs of any period for capes, cloaks, skirts, muffs, gloves, headgear, collars, and every particular, can be submitted, and the very lowest estimates given. Miss Edith Craig, 15 Barton Street, Westminster, London.



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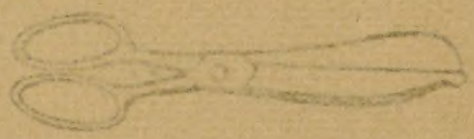

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